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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 626. | SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1918. | TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Supplies Guaranteed.
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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

BEHIND THE BILLING CASE

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

FOR WRENS or W.A.A.C.S.
TOMMIES or JACKS.

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HAND ENGRAVED with name and number and any Crest, complete with strap. These will last for generations as souvenirs. Splendid present for a Soldier or Sailor, or can be worn by ladies with their name and address engraved.

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GRASP—

CATESBYS
LINO OFFER NOW.

Every house-proud woman should know it is still possible to obtain Catesbys Cork Lino—the ideal floor covering—at exceptionally moderate cash terms or by small easy payments. It is to your interest to write for patterns and prices at once. They're Free if you mention this paper.

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You do not have to buy because you send for the patterns. We want you to have them so as to prove to you that you can get a better Suit from us on Easy Terms carriage paid right to your door than you could get from a local tailor at the same price.

That's a fair proposition, isn't it?

All right, then. Just send to-day before you forget it. You will say the values we offer are the greatest you ever saw. If you don't want to cut this paper, write a postcard or letter for samples, and mention this paper.

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You can be merry and bright

by means of mirthful music and laugh-raising comic songs by famous humorists, as so perfectly rendered by a Catesby Gramophone. List free if you ask for No. 19. Catesbys Ltd., London, W.1.

GRAMOPHONE ON EASY TERMS

Chin-chin!!

this Glass Lemon is just top-hole—keep on sending it, for it's a thirsty job out here.

TRUST the "Boys" to know a good thing, and their demand for Freemans Glass Lemon is so insistent that we have decided to reserve the whole of our output for the Soldiers and Sailors.

This being so, it will not for the present be possible to obtain Freemans Glass Lemon at home. No one will grumble or begrudge our fighting men as much as they can get of this handy, delicious lemonade. It's so easy for them to make, so refreshing and healthful.

FREEMANS
GLASS LEMON

can be obtained in all Canteens and Messes, and is lemonade in powder form, requiring no sugar—simply add cold water.

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD.

Boisseliers (Boy-sel-e-a) Chocolates, Vi-Cocoa, and Freemans Food Products.

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Made in DELECTALAND.

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OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Linoleums, Carpets, Frames, Folding Cots, Cycles, Trays, Tea and Dinner Services, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Poultry Appliances, etc.

EASY — J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD — TERMS

Style Craft
Guaranteed Men's Wear

Now clothing prices are so high business men everywhere are taking to STYLE CRAFT Guaranteed Men's Wear.

They appreciate the STYLE CRAFT smartness and value—the STYLE CRAFT comfort and usefulness—*and* the STYLE CRAFT Guarantee—"If this garment fails to satisfy or to wear, we will replace it free through your dealer."

"STYLE CRAFT JUNIOR" for the boys is similarly guaranteed.

STYLE CRAFT Sports Coats . . From 27/6 to 50/-
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"STYLE CRAFT JUNIOR"
Grey Shorts . . . . . 4/6 to 7/6
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If any difficulty in obtaining STYLE CRAFT, write to the Sole Manufacturers.

BARKER AND MOODY, Limited,
Paddock Works, Shafton Lane, HOLBECK, LEEDS,
(Address Enquiries to Dept. "B.")

There is a STYLE CRAFT Agent in every Town that has a population of 2000 or over. And abroad. P.C.B.—28

Reliability!

THE Reliability of Hall's Wine as the supreme tonic restorative has never been more clearly shown than during the war.

Supplies are insufficient to meet all the demand, and trade customers are being rationed on a strict percentage basis. Special arrangements have been made to meet the needs of urgent medical cases.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Tonic Restorative

If worn out through war-worry, sleeplessness or overwork—if nerves are weak or spirits depressed—take Hall's Wine.

Large Size Bottle, 5/6

Of all Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with Wine Licences.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., Ltd., BOW, LONDON, E. 3.

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"Marcel"

Promotes Curly Hair.

Have you ever thought how much a head of Curly Hair would improve your appearance? "Marcel" instantly beautifies your hair at once. One writes: "One perfect satisfaction, however lifeless your hair is. One application lasts!" "By Appointment to a number of young ladies." testimonial says: "By Appointment to a number of young ladies." For ladies, Gentlemen or children. This is what you have been looking for! Guaranteed harmless. Price 2/6 per packet, post free. For a short time, however, we are selling our special offer to all readers of this paper. Send P.O. for a 2/6 packet (Two for 4/6). THE NEW WAVOUR CO., Fernwood House, High Holborn, London, W.C.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIII. No. 628. Week ending Saturday, June 15th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

That Gun!

A week ago, in spite of our revelations of the scandal of declining to adopt the Madsen gun, the War Office and the Army Council persisted in their refusal to give it to our soldiers. But a few days' further reflection has brought sanity, and the Army is to have it.

If You See It——

Of course, not a word that we said has been contradicted—and everything we wrote has been admitted by the Government to be true. And now get on with the gun, for that means getting on with the war.

The Billing Case.

Elsewhere we deal further with the things behind this case. As regards the trial itself, the less said, the better. Certainly John the Baptist wasn't the only one to lose his head.

Corpus Christi.

Are you surprised to learn that on Corpus Christi day, owing to the release of the enemy defensive aircraft, our boys got a hell of a time at the front?

A Chepstow Fair.

We beg to direct the attention of Sir Eric Geddes to the state of things at this shipyard; and, incidentally, to ask How's the Brigadier *and* the local grocer?

Those "Surprises."

Says one who has done his bit in Belgium: "Will it be yet another 'surprise' when the enemy suddenly make for Calais, when everything went to show that their aim was Paris?" We think not.

Lest We Forget.

Last Wednesday we looked over the newspapers for some reference to the anniversary of the Death of Kitchener. And we are still looking! God, the ingratitude of mankind!

Ireland.

"As you were" is once more the condition of Ireland. No Home Rule—no Conscription; and soon the dismal Dillon and his merry men will be back at Westminster, killing Germans with their mouths. Meanwhile, it would be interesting just to look up the Premier's speech on the Man-Power Bill.

Sauce for the Goose.

As regards the latest scheme of offering a bit of land to every good boy from the Emerald Isle who gets his pistol and his gun—well, it's about the last word in Irish misgovernment. And couldn't English lads do with a few acres?

The Public Trustee.

We are glad that the silly charges brought by our old friend Sir George Smallman against this useful and hard working official have now been honourably withdrawn. Mr. Stewart is one of the few successes of new Departments.

Poor Paris!

Here is a typical item from the French papers: "Last evening the enemy showed great aerial activity. The alarm was given at 11.24 and the all-clear at 2.30 a.m. The long range gun continued the bombardment of the Paris region." And that is an almost daily feature! Poor Paris!

NO "RETURNS"!

In view of the new Order of the Paper Controller which comes into effect on June 24, it is vital that newsagents should know the number of customers they will be asked to supply. JOHN BULL readers who wish to ensure getting their paper should fill in the form below and hand it to their newsagents.

I am a regular reader of "John Bull," and desire you to reserve a copy for me weekly.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

A Good Idea.

London Opinion begs us not to abandon prophecy. If we would only predict that the war would last many more years, says our brother, that "would probably end it." Well, here goes—let's say 1950.

A Correction.

Still giving free advertisement to our contemporaries—which is one of our nice ways—*Town Topics* sees in that weekly breakfast which we used to have with Lord Derby, the explanation of "the optimism of Whitehall." On the contrary—it explains ours.

A Real Loss.

We hear from France that there is general regret at the retirement of Sir Arthur Sloggett from the post of Director General of Medical Services. No man has done more for the health not only of the Army but of the civilian population of Northern France; whilst his work in unifying the various departments of the medical service undoubtedly constitutes a big claim upon the gratitude of the nation.

Education.

When will politicians learn to distinguish between education and "schooling"? The two things are absolutely distinct.

Those Enemy Princes.

How is the Privy Council getting on with the removal from the British peerage of those alien princes? Thought we should forget, eh?

Our Brother Hun.

What has become of that million bombs, containing Hillite asphyxiating powder, which the Government bought and paid for a long time ago? Why has their use been discontinued? Were they too cruel to the Hun?

A *Tu Quoque*.

According to *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, we have our "faults," but are "one of the few war necessities for which you can't find a satisfactory substitute." That may also be said of the *Saturday Journal*.

Our Mission.

On the other hand, according to a writer in *Justice*, we "are the laughing-stock of the entire rank and file in France." Well, it's something to make the dear boys laugh, isn't it?

Alas, Poor Yapp!

You remember that terrible discovery of ours, of tons of Yapp's "economy" literature, embellished with his photo, doing humble service in Railway Station "toilettes"; and now we find him turned inside out as an envelope!

"Humiliating."

Thus the Rev. David Walters, at the Bristol Congregational Council: "It is very humiliating to find the British soldier who has a grievance saying he will 'write to JOHN BULL.' In any trouble Tommy at the front goes at once to JOHN BULL. *Why doesn't he go to his Minister?*" Perhaps he hasn't got one!

A Wasted Asset.

Why on earth is it that the services of a man like Mr. Joynson Hicks, M.P., are not being utilised in the Air Ministry? For years he has been the most active member of the House in regard to all questions affecting the Air Service. Is it that he knows too much?

The Pope and the War.

On the whole, our protest against the silence of the Vatican has been well received by our Catholic readers—who know that we are no enemy of their great faith. But the *Universe* promises that "a suitable reply will be forthcoming immediately, and will be widely circulated." Need we say that the hospitality of our columns is available?

Orchids and the War.

Baron Bruno von Schröder's coal hoard of several hundred tons, for the cultivation of orchids, is justified on the ground that these floral monstrosities are "a national asset"—a claim which, we imagine, not even the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain would have put forward in these times. We are also assured that the coal, being anthracite, was "not being diverted from small people," and was "only useful for heating boilers." In the use of smokeless-coal, are orchids, therefore, to take precedence of battleships?

Waacs' Grievances—

A batch of the Queen's Waacs in a Hostel at Bradford are aggrieved at being punished because they would not confess which of them placed a piece of bread in the swill-tub. As none of them was guilty, they resent having had to sleep on the floor instead of going to bed, a fine of 2s. 6d., and seven days' C.B.—pretty strong punishment for innocent girls. When we add that a child with whooping-cough has been living in the same Hostel, we are not surprised by the protest.

And Wrongs.

It is hard lines, too, for a Waac that the State is her employer, for it undertakes no liability should she be knocked out by injury or illness. There is no pension for her and no compensation; the moment she is declared unfit for more work her pay ceases, and she is down and out. She is even forbidden to insure herself, so great hardship is bound to occur. Queen Mary has taken the Corps under her sheltering wing. It would be gracious of her to see that really bad cases are relieved.

The 27th Royal Irish Limitiers.

So all the Government's tumult and shouting and threatening about enforcing conscription in Ireland and damn the consequences has fizzled into a pathetic appeal to Erin to contribute her boys of 18 and her old men of 27. "As was done in England, Scotland, and Wales," explains the shockful Shortt, "we propose first of all to call upon the younger men; the limit of age is therefore fixed at 27." Quite so, but the rest of the Kingdom has borne the brunt of four years while Erin has been quaffing Guinness.

Clerks, Combine!

Employing our time-honoured slogan: "If you see it in JOHN BULL it is so," the Woolwich Branch of the National Union of Clerks quotes a recent paragraph from these columns, and urges all Government clerks to rally to the support of the Union. "Those in the direct employment of the Government," writes the District Organiser, "are in a worse position so far as bonuses are concerned than many clerks in private engineering firms." The only practicable remedy is effective combination.

The Woods of Erroll.

It is said in Port Erroll, Aberdeenshire, that its woods are to be closed against the villagers. The estate was bought, latterly, from Lord Erroll by Sir John Ellerman, son of Johann Herman Ellerman, of Hamburg. In those woods generations of happy children have picnicked and frolicked; of those woods the Highlander has kept sweet memories on the battlefield. They are of the things he fought for. Is he coming home to find them locked against him and his by the son of a man born in Germany?

Huns at Southend.

Recently Southend-on-Sea was staring open-mouthed at the spectacle of about a dozen Hun officer prisoners out for their morning walk with their escort—a British officer in the midst, who chatted to them with the voluble affability of a Cook's guide. If these Hun things must have an airing, why can't they be taken out and slobbered over in the dark?

Going Strong.

One wonders whether the 5,000 casks of Danish butter which arrived in Newcastle from Denmark on 17th May and were, according to the parliamentary inquiry of Sir Walter Runciman, lying on the quay on 27th May, are still going strong in their place in the sun. If the Food Control cannot get them into cold storage what time the Novocastrians consume their margarine, will said Control kindly hustle and use it to grease the wheels of State.

To the Admiralty.

We must put this delicately. It concerns the coaling of certain escort ships based on a certain port in a certain country called Ireland. When the escort duty is done the ships are obliged to return to base for coal. This could have been obtained at the seaport they had been to—and to which they may have to return to meet an outgoing convoy. Two absolutely unnecessary voyages are made. Besides wasting time—and many tons of coal—the crews get no rest and precious little sleep.

Cold Comfort After the Raid.

One of fifteen victims in a bombed house—so demolished that only the basement rooms remained—a poor woman effected her escape clad in blouse and skirt only. She, with others, repaired to the Town Hall "to see what they could do for us." She asked for shoes and a hat, and they gave her—a form to fill up! Since then she has been dependent on her neighbours for what food she has had. However, the Mayor has brought the unfortunates a message of cheer. *They will be able to get new ration cards!*

A Poetic Prisoner.

The wife of Private W. Morrison, of the Gordon Highlanders, "a prisoner of war at Hammelburg, Bavaria," and "a constant reader of JOHN BULL when at home," sends us some of his verses on "The Forgotten Private" which the Germhun Censor has allowed to pass. Here is one of them:—

I hairdly think it richt or fair,
For I as Private did ma share,
I fought from Mons, richt doon tae Aisne,
An' yet they winna let me hame.

Let's hope the rich humour and simple pathos of that growl will not be lost on the ears of our delegates to arrange the swapping of prisoners.

G.N.R. on the Make.

The G.N.R. line runs at the rear of the houses on the north side of Ashburton Grove, Holloway. At the ends of every two gardens is an arch. The tenants of the Company have barricaded these places, at their own expense, with sandbags and adapted them, hitherto unused, as air-raid shelters. And now the G.N.R. have dropped a bomb the tenants didn't anticipate. "It has come to our knowledge," says the Company, in a circular all round, "that you are occupiers of the arches at the rear of your houses, therefore we must ask you to pay ten shillings a year rent." There must be a policeman on that beat!

Beverley's Beauty.

W. Bloomfield, of Beverley, who peddles a bewildering hotch-potch of notions, confesses in a circular-letter that under the Paper Restrictions Act he is not able to send his usual large printed circular. But he has no compunction in bombarding innocent citizens with successive circulars that are still much too large and too many, being unwanted and unasked for. Officials appointed to stop the circular nuisance should keep an eye on Bloomfield's output.

Not a Man.

The woman is doing man's work, unloading Midland Railway vans at Somers Town. Men on exactly the same job got extra rations granted, so she put in a pink form for the same, and in due course received her Extra Rations card. Suddenly the Local Food Controller has realised that the woman is not a man, and he demands return of the card. He actually threatens to prosecute her for his own error, if it is one. But why should she not receive that to which her labour entitles her? There should surely be "equality of the sexes" in such a matter.

Now Then, Botha!

When a German subject was taken out of an internment camp and gazetted to a captaincy in the South African Defence Force, we gasped with astonishment; when another person of Hunnish extraction was appointed Chief Embarkation Officer at Durban, we stood speechless with amazement; and now that Herr Frederick Karl Wilhelm Ahrens has been allowed to sit in a British Naval Prize Court at Durban, words fail us to express our surprise. What *is* General Botha thinking of?

A Speciality in "Specials."

What was once merry Margate has some sad "Specials." Probably Fritz in his Gotha visits Margate more often than any town in the country. Most of the "Specials" have been "on" since 1914. They are out in all weathers and called on to perform every sort of duty, including that of the ordinary constable; yet they have no officers, no protection, no light, no thanks, no allowance, no decoration, and no uniform; in fact "no nothing" except an armlet. They buy their own clothes, and nobody dare give them any beer; much are they disgruntled. As they are policemen they wish to feel like policemen and look like policemen. If the Town Council haven't any money to provide them with proper uniform, they should borrow some.

Food Pooling and Hoarding.

Our attention is directed by a Cardiff resident to what he describes as "a rough idea of a food scandal." "Shipowners in Cardiff," he avers, "have issued orders to all captains to accumulate all possible stores obtainable at ports abroad, and when the ships arrive here (and possibly elsewhere) the surplus stores are discharged and pooled. That part of the business is all right; but when the owners' private car goes down alongside the ship and various bulky parcels are stowed therein, it can pass the police at the gate without the formality of being searched. The owner being in the car, the police gravely salute, and home goes a goodly quantity of provisions; which is suspiciously like hoarding." The scandal suggested here has sufficient *vraisemblance* to demand the local Food Committee's close attention without delay.

Uncushy.

We are respectfully requested to curse the Government at large for the sweating of assistant male clerks recruited by open competition at 18, and started at £50 a year. If they are good they get a rise of £5 a year, so that after seven years' service they are 25, receiving 33s. a week. The labourer is worthy of his hire. So we curse accordingly.

Bradford Again.

There are among the Bradford Co-operators some sweet patriots—*nit*, as the American says. The Directors regret that "many members were taking their money elsewhere." One speaker referred to the "disloyalty" of members who invested in the Tank Bank. Another complained of those who invested in War Loan. And "both comments received hearty endorsement." Those Co-operators act up to the worst traditions of Bradfordheim.

Mad Methods.

The record of the Hull man, to which we recently referred, is easily beaten by that of an applicant to a Bedfordshire Tribunal. Eight times this man had been definitely rejected by the doctors, then accepted and discharged after a short period of service, and afterwards "re-categorised" B3. Finally, through the mercy of Providence, or the carelessness of the examining surgeons, he was re-classified Grade I. To characterise such proceedings as they deserve would be to exceed the limits of editorial restraint.

Library Loafers.

In Gravesend Public Library is a notice that nobody under the age of 14 may use the building. That keeps out the children, for which we are sorry. We would like the notice amended to exclude Conscientious Objectors, for the Conchies from the Barracks monopolise the news-room and the Reference Library, crowding them every evening till closing time. Decent users of the Library would not mind the presence of kiddies, but a gang of Objects is distasteful.

Mr. Weathercock Hill.

It is a pity that Mr. John Hill, of the Boilermakers' Union, should blow hot and cold over the war. One day he talks like a full-fledged patriot, and the next like a half-baked pacifist, so that his supporters are, bewildered and befogged. If only Mr. Hill could make up his mind whether he wants the Huns to be beaten or not, he might perhaps behave less like a weathercock.

Monstrous Mummery.

One of the Hun airmen, caught red-handed in the foul act of bombing British hospitals behind the lines in France, cynically excused his devilish work. Yet German flying officers meeting their death in the equally murderous attempt to butcher women and children in our peaceful cities, are still treated to the honour of a military funeral, with R.A.F. officers as pall-bearers, and a British Army chaplain to read the burial service!

Yarns by the Yard.

Two funny tales emanate from a certain shipyard in the Newcastle district. One relates that a ship and floating dock were built for Russia. The time worked was booked to one of H.M. ships in course of construction. The other yarn concerns a doll's house—"Some Doll's House," it is said to be—finished and removed by motor on a Saturday, "when things were quiet." It's time things got lively.

A Clever Acrostic.

O ften we talk of the Premium Bond;
O ur pebble is ready to throw in the pond,
F unds can alone bring our ship into port.

B ritons will find it, but give them their sport.
I deal ethics may very well wait.;
R emember it's money we want on the slate—
D rop all these questions of scruples and drachms,
S ecure the warm fleece from the all-willing lambs.

Bethlem Hospital Pensioners

We have previously referred to the fact that while Bethlem Mental Hospital—the old Bedlam—is half-empty and the Governors are in command of such an income that they scarcely know what to do with the subscriptions, the ex-workers of the hospital, who have given hard and faithful service in their day, are still struggling along on their petty pensions. Once again, why don't the Governors take action to obtain for these people a war bonus in every case where the need can be proved?

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Lord Beresford.

DEAR "CHARLIE,"—Thanks for your splendid support in the House of Lords of my demand that a Committee should be set up to inquire into the scandal of criminal delay in adopting the Danish machine gun—or rather rifle. I see you endorsed my deliberate opinion and told your fellow peers that this gun "would do more to win the war than any other weapon we could produce." It is a crying shame to realise that it needed a full exposure by me before the authorities could be awakened from their perilous slumbers. You will have noticed that since my exposure of the scandal the morning and evening Press have started in full cry, and without any hint of the source of information. It is the old story! JOHN BULL.

To Sir Alfred Fripp, K.C.V.O., Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the King.

DEAR SIR ALFRED,—It was a courageous thing for a man of such eminence in your profession to testify at the Billing trial, and speaking from your wide and intimate experience to declare that decadent vice is prevalent among certain circles of so-called Society and the ruling classes. Yours was not fantastic or hearsay testimony. Your warning will not fall upon deaf ears. I thank you. JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Bedford Board of Guardians.

SIR,—Some of your members said they didn't care if it went in JOHN BULL. So glad to know that. Because here it is! I am even more pleased to find that they are not all mean skinflints, and that the motion to rescind the previous resolution cutting down the tobacco ration of your aged and infirm inmates was lost by only one vote. Speaking now to the decent members among you, *aren't* the others a lot? Fancy robbing these poor old folk of their one means of enjoyment. Don't want to look ridiculous, don't they? That's past praying for! JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. W. Hayes Fisher, M.P., President, Local Government Board.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—Will you allow me to mention that at the Middlesex Appeal Tribunal a man with 13 children was exempted with graceful compliments, while, elsewhere, applicants with their quivers just as full have been sent quick-march into the Army with the barest outline of hearing? Oughtn't there to be some standard for the guidance of Tribunals in such cases? JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Old Age Pensions Committee, Epping.

SIR,—I am informed that your Committee have refused to grant an old-age pension to a Thornwood resident of 70, on the ground that his total income is 26s. a week, and that to qualify for pension it should not exceed £31 10s. a year. It has been distinctly and emphatically stated officially that for the duration of the war means up to 30s. a week should not exclude existent pensioners from the renewal of their pensions, and it is unjust, therefore, to refuse pensions on the same basis to persons now qualified by age. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Thos. Jones, Llandefeilog, Kidwelly.

PHARISAICAL SIR,—According to you, "We may well ask ourselves if this terrible war that is now raging is not due, to a great extent, to the Continental Sabbath." The meetings which offend you, and "with which God cannot be pleased," are "Preaching Services," promoted by the Committee of the local Soldiers' Welfare Fund. Its object is to look after our gallant lads when on leave, and to present each Overseas man with a cheque for £2, and each Home Service man with 10s. You think "such Services are a novelty and act as an attraction, and draw young people from their usual places of worship." Jealousy, therefore, seems to be the cause of your attitude. Frankly, you are a narrow-minded bigot. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. Rowntree and Co., Cocoa Manufacturers, York.

GENTLEMEN,—It appears that the York Police lately paid a visit to your works for the purpose of interviewing a prominent member of your staff believed to have disloyal pamphlets in his possession. My information is that their suspicions were well grounded, and that as a result of their visit a quantity of disgraceful "literature" was impounded. It looks as though your establishment needed combing out with a pitchfork. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Cave, K.C., M.P.

DEAR HOME SECRETARY,—Almost daily I hear of some case of cruel hardship resulting from our barbarous Bastardy Laws—their very name is a reproach—and I do earnestly suggest to you that the time has come for a review of the whole subject, for the purpose of securing to every British child, irrespective of the accident of birth, its due heritage of freedom and hope. Need I say more? Hearty congratulations upon your escape from the perils of the deep. Good men are few—nowadays. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Arthur Fludyer, Bart., Ayston Hall, Uppingham.

SIR,—You are an old man—73, I believe—and I don't want to be hard on you. But it raises my bile to hear that after your butler was called up, you had the sauce to use your influence to get Reserve-Constable Powling released from his duty to fill the vacant situation. *You* had a full complement of female servants. The police were working two men short, and two "Specials" had to be called up to take Powling's place. I don't know whether in your long life you have done any public work beyond acting as Chairman of Sessions, and now you rob your country of a man's services to "butle" for your useless self. Perhaps you're in your second childhood. In that case, why are you still Chairman? JOHN BULL.

REMEMBER—AND HATE.

IN PRAISE OF A HERO—WANTED, A SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

By Charles Palmer (Assistant Editor).

FEW more humiliating pictures have been presented to the mind's eye than that of a decent German-hating Englishman being fined and lectured by an English magistrate. I don't know the name of the Chairman of the Long Ashton Bench who committed this offence. If I did I would print it in the biggest type I could find, and in spite of D.O.R.A. and every other influence which prevents honest men expressing their opinions, I would denounce him from one end of the country to the other. And at the same time I would write the name of the prisoner in letters of gold. For Charles Ridge is a hero. He knocked down a dirty German prisoner who spat at him, and said, "If a German spits at me again I shall knock him down again." Bravo, Charles Ridge! We are proud of you.

Everyone has read with burning shame the case of Charles Ridge. He is lame; he has served in the Mercantile Marine, in the Navy, in the Army. When he was at Ostend early in the war he saw many mutilated Belgian women. He remembers, and he hates. And so when he saw a group of our pampered German prisoners walking along a country road singing and smoking, his spirit burned within him. He asked the soldier in charge of these Huns if any of them spoke English, and of one who could he inquired whether he remembered the *Lusitania*. The answer of the swine was to spit in his face. And promptly Charles Ridge knocked him down. The dirty Hun can do as he pleases; the honest Englishman who has fought and has been lamed fighting, is expected to turn the other cheek. Ridge would have been unworthy of his fine record, of his British manhood, if he had failed to reply to the insult. Thank God, he did not fail! And so he offended against the law and has been bound over to keep the peace, and was ordered to pay 4s. costs. A paltry sum, if you like, but it is a sum which such a man as Charles Ridge can ill afford, and if I know the readers of John Bull, there are a thousand who would willingly refund those costs a hundred times.

So let us pay tribute to the manliness of Charles Ridge, and do so by remembering and hating. We are not a hysterical people. Nearly four years of war with a bestial and despicable foe, and we do not yet hate him properly. Ridge is suffering from a weak heart—but for that fact, said the spokesman of the magistrates, "they would have dealt very severely with him." Well, Ridge may have a weak heart, but he possesses a strong soul. And let all of us imitate his example, and hate. I should like to see every man who hates Germany and the Germans—yes, and every woman, too, for the women are the best haters of the Hun—joined together in solemn league and covenant to keep this hate for the Hun alive so long as they have breath in their bodies and then to hand on the legacy of hate to their children. A League of Hate—that is what we want.

We are so easy-going, so tolerant—yes, in a way, so superior—that when the Germans sang their Hymn of Hate we smiled! Well, we have gone to the other extreme. In the face of infamies unmentionable, with the knowledge of foul murders by sea and land, in the face of accumulated evidence and piled-up horrors, there are those who to-morrow would make friends with the Hun and take his blood-stained hand in the grasp of amity. In the name of true patriotism, let us exalt the deed of Charles Ridge. Remember—and Hate!

THIS GLORIOUS WAR.

THE WAY SOME OF THOSE MILLIONS GO.

Perhaps we shall learn by slow degrees how much of the Government war expenditure is sheer wanton waste. Occasionally a striking object-lesson is furnished. These are sights to make the heavily-burdened taxpayer weep and groan and swear. Not a hundred miles from London—in Essex, to be precise—a new aerodrome is in course of construction. At the present rate of progress, it may be finished, with reasonable luck and good weather, in about ten years. Not that there is any lack of labour. The place is simply swarming with workmen, but many of these gentlemen seem to be finished exponents of the art of "how not to do it." In the delicate accomplishment of going dead slow without actually stopping some of the bricklayers engaged could give points to a tortoise.

The other day a man and his mate, unaware that a trained observer was watching them, took 15 minutes to lay three bricks on a straight course. This slackness is not to be traced to the absence of foremen, who on a cursory survey appear to be almost as numerous as the labourers—while their steady consumption of tobacco must be a substantial set-off against the loss to the revenue entailed in other directions. The casual visitor to the works—and there are a number of convenient gaps in the fences through which inquisitive people may gain access to the buildings and machines without attracting the notice of the sentries—cannot fail to be struck by the festive air of the proceedings, the impression of a "beanfeast" being strengthened as he observes the pleasant little card-parties which have become a feature of these strenuous Government undertakings. As things go, this job and one or two others we are watching should be good for another penny on the Income Tax. When the good contractor goes to Church on Sundays, he must stick his tongue in his cheek at the prayer for peace!

CRIME AND STUPIDITY.

MAGISTRATES COMPETE FOR THE BOOBY PRIZE.

There seems a fair amount of carelessness in trying cases of juvenile misdemeanour at Hull and Macclesfield. In one case at Hull, two schoolboys were found by a constable larking in an empty house. One of them had judgment respited for a year and got six strokes of the birch; the other was placed on probation and got four strokes of the birch. In the same Court, the same day, an office boy of 15, who stole £130 from his employers, was merely placed on probation. At Macclesfield, four boys—the eldest eight—stole some eggs from a hen-roost. The eight-year-old took home ten eggs, and told his mother, a soldier's wife, that he had found them under a bush. This is quite possible, for hens lay anywhere. The mother put the eggs aside for further inquiries. A fine was inflicted of £2, which, of course, the poor woman cannot pay. In the same town a schoolboy of eleven years broke open a warehouse and stole goods worth £1 4s. 2d., after having attended Sunday School. He was placed on probation for three months.

We do not quarrel with the placing of the office boy on probation, for his employers may have put temptation in his way; but we do say it was monstrous for the same Court on the same day to order the birching of little boys for a mere piece of mischief such as the Magistrates, if they ever *were* boys, often indulged in. As for the babies who stole the eggs, we quite see that it was impossible to do more than reprimand such little chaps. But why penalise the poor soldier's wife, struggling to make both ends meet on her meagre allowance? Had the fact that there were two large landowners on the Bench, and that the egg-thieves had trespassed, anything to do with it?

"NO INQUIRIES."

PARKERING FOR PRIVATE PARTICULARS.

C. Wells, Corridor Chambers, and 24, Nicols Street, Leicester, also of 31, Exchequer Street, Dublin, is a moneylender, prepared to advance £5 to £5,000 "upon Note of Hand alone." At least so states his Application Form before us, which adds: "No Securities or Guarantee required, nor inquiries made in Applicant's neighbourhood." In short, it is the usual Moneylender's form, with the usual unconvincing assurances. Forwarded to us by a Leicester reader, who obtained it wrapped round some fried fish from a shop in that town, the form is duly completed, bearing the full name and address of a would-be borrower at Ibstock, anxious to raise the modest sum of £10, which he proposes to repay by weekly instalments of five shillings. We are not fond of fried fish wrappings, but more than common interest attaches to the specimen before us.

Marked in blue pencil with a large "N. G.," the candid document tells us that the man of Ibstock pays a rental of 5s. per week, and that "above three-parts of the furniture in his house is his own property." Even more candid are certain pencilled notes on the back of the form. We are here given information as to where he works, what money he earns, the size of his family, and the extent of his liabilities. We are also told that *he bears a bad name in the neighbourhood*. And again there is a large "N. G." It is really rather wonderful how Mr. Wells obtains such information, considering that "no inquiries are made in Applicant's neighbourhood," while it is nothing short of a scandal that such intimate details of a man's private life should thus be made public, owing to a breach of the confidence in which they were obviously furnished.

A POOR PRIZE.

A GIFT-SHEEP LOOKED IN THE LEG AND BODY.

Residents in the Hartlepool district were lately offered an attractive "flutter" in the shape of a Prize Drawing in aid of the British Farmers' Red Cross Fund, to be held at Thornton-le-Street. Tickets were 6d. each, and the prizes included a couple of cockerels—a live sheep being offered as the First Prize. Ultimately, the live mutton was awarded to a West Hartlepool competitor who, at the suggestion of the Secretary, gave instructions for the animal to be sold on his behalf at the Thirsk Auction Mart. In due course, the prize sheep, which weighed 6 stone, was put up for sale, and knocked down at 11s. 6d., rather less than the price of a decent leg of mutton, the cockerels having meanwhile fetched 15s. a head! The explanation was that not a butcher in the district would touch the prize mutton with a pole. "The Grading Committee," explained the salesman, "refused to grade it owing to its being so poor and very lame—in fact, a 'screw.'" We should like to know the name of the donor of this "ugly duckling" of a sheep which hardly a butcher would accept as a gift. Possibly the Committee—as with that of the Albert Hall Tombola and Fair, upon whose estimate of the worth of a "Diamond and Chalcedony" Cross we recently commented—might have taken a little more pains than they did to grade the prizes, and to satisfy themselves of their value, but that is a minor point. Principally, the Committee should explain whether they were the victims of some mean-spirited individual whose "generosity" consisted in giving to the Red Cross a miserable offering which it was not worth his while to sell, or whether the sheep deteriorated while in their own possession.

FIGHTING AGAINST TIME!

THE BIG HAND ADVANCES.

THE LAST STRAW.

PUNISHED FOR NOT POISONING THE PUBLIC.

If any of you die suddenly from meat poisoning, don't wonder! It's only because some Food Official has been trying to imitate the sublime idiocy of the Executive Officer and the Mayor of Tiverton. S. J. Chilcott is a Tiverton butcher. On April 9th, a certain bullock was allotted to him in Tiverton Market. The next day it was killed. The day after that Mr. Chilcott cut it open and found it to be cancerous. He at once informed the Meat Inspector, who condemned it. The following day the rotten bullock disappears on the Town Council's cart, and promptly one day later the auctioneer refuses further supplies to Mr. Chilcott till the diseased animal is paid for—something like £50!

So far, so bad! The next day—Sunday—the Executive Officer tries to persuade Chilcott to pay for the beast. He naturally refuses. It is not in the public interest, he rightly holds, for a butcher to pay for a cancerous beast. On Monday, Mr. Mayor comes into play. With tears in his eyes at this conflict between officialism and common-sense, he offers to take the hat round for Chilcott if only Chilcott will pay. Of course, Chilcott refuses to be a party to this insulting charity. Once again, on the Tuesday, Mr. Mayor begs Chilcott to change his mind. Then, finding him adamant, he shouts: "Close your shop!" Whereupon Chilcott's shop is closed. Now, much as we are concerned with this shameful martyrdom of an honest man, who strove to protect his customers from poisoning, the question is bigger even than that. If we are not all to be poisoned, we want it made clear that a producer or a middleman is not at liberty to sell a rotten beast to a butcher and get paid for it, while the butcher is liable to prosecution if the unsound carcase is found on his premises. We want to be certain that the food officials work in the interests of the public, and not, as in this case, in the interest of an individual. And which regulation of "Dora" gave the bureaucrats the right to shut up Mr. Chilcott's shop?

THE CAT AND THE CLERGYMAN.

"JUST CASTIGATION" AND CRUEL DEATH.

Let no one dare to suggest that the Rev. J. H. Beecroft, Vicar of Mount Hawke, St. Agnes, Cornwall, is a cruel man. True, he recently struck a poor cat, in the presence of two girls of 14 and 9, a blow which killed it; but that was not cruelty—it was merely just castigation. For this view of the matter, we have the authority of the Magistrates at Truro—Messrs. H. H. Williams, E. L. Carlyon, W. Hearle, and W. Tresidder—who dismissed the summons brought by the R.S.P.C.A., and discharged the Vicar from the Court without a stain on his saintly character. Since Mr. Beecroft was not cruel to the cat—we accept the unanimous decision of the Bench with all proper respect—it may be interesting to inquire what he actually did to it, and for this purpose we rely upon the evidence of Inspector Annis, of the R.S.P.C.A., who had made a post-mortem examination of the victim.

"Externally," said the Inspector, "the body was bruised, and showed some marks of violence. Internally, the spleen and liver were ruptured, and other parts were bruised. The animal must have suffered awful agonies prior to death. It was one of those cases where the cat must have lingered in pain." With this evidence before them, all lovers of animals will rejoice that the Rev. Mr. Beecroft was not actually cruel to the cat, otherwise its sufferings might have been too pitiful to contemplate. True, the poor beast had been soundly punished, but look at the terrible provocation! It is established beyond question that the cat had shown gross disrespect to the Vicar's dog, and had even been so wicked as to defend itself against the unfriendly advances of the superior animal by scratching it on the nose! A cat that behaves in this reckless manner has only itself to thank if it meets with a violent and agonising death, and the Truro Magistrates—names as aforesaid—are not the men to allow their humane feelings to run away with their respect for the cloth.

A PROFITEER'S PARADISE.

AMAZING FOOD DECISIONS AT BATTERSEA.

Apparently the Borough of Battersea is a regular Tom Tiddler's ground for the merry profiteer. Partly, it is the fault of the Magistrates, notably Mr. E. W. Garratt, at the South-Western Police Court, who interprets his duties in this matter much too lightly. Here is the kind of thing that has been happening. A York Road butcher is charged with selling a loin of pork at an excessive price, there being no real dispute as to the facts. The Bench, however, is most benevolent. The prosecuting solicitor is all smiles. The defendant's lawyer, encouraged by the prevailing geniality, ventures to "make a certain suggestion," which is instantly accepted, and the summons withdrawn on payment of £1 1s. In another case of a similar kind a like course is followed, the costs this time amounting only to a couple of shillings. As with meat, so with milk and bread. A couple of bakers have infringed the Bread Order, but the proceedings are amiably adjourned for fourteen days. In the next case, which is of a worse kind, there is "a brief conference" between the parties concerned, and—hey, presto!—the summonses are withdrawn on payment of the costs! A local milk firm has been giving short measure, but is permitted to retire with a mild caution and the costs to pay. The Magistrate beams. The defendants chuckle. Everyone is happy except the poor consumer, who, if he starts grumbling in Court, will soon be ejected.

STRIKE PAY AND COLLECTIONS.

VEHICLE WORKERS AND THEIR UNION OFFICIALS.

There is a feeling that the London and Provincial Union of Licensed Vehicle Workers is not dealing fairly by the 600 men, employed by the British Motor Cab Company, called out on strike by the Union in February last. The rules prescribe strike pay of 12s. per man, with 2s. for each child, but it is quite plain they could not exist on such a sum. They have depended on collections from the sale of tickets by drivers in the streets, but this source of income has partly failed them by the Union's action. Out of about £3,000 collected, it has allocated £2,000 to the General Fund, so that it goes in salaries and similar expenses, and not to the strike account. This is without doubt high-handed and oppressive action, for street collections have never been made for such purposes, but solely to benefit the men on strike by order of their Union. In depriving the men and their families of two-thirds of their due the Union does a wrong which should be immediately remedied.

"A REVEREND TOUT."

MORE ABOUT RICHARD HAYNEL.

We now offer a few more facts concerning Mr. Richard Haynel, Ambleside, Worthing, Sussex, the quack for whom the Rev. Silas Jones, of Colwyn, touts. Before going to Worthing, Haynel had carried on his "perfect cure" stunt at Burgess Hill and at Hove. Strangely enough, it used to be a professedly German treatment, parading as the "Weidhaas Hygienic Institute," and even the special cocoa hawked by it came from Cologne. At Hove, the business became "The Dr. Richard Jeschke Co., Successors to the Weidhaas Hygienic Institute," but that title, in its turn, was judiciously dropped. It appears that Haynel is of alien origin, naturalised in the usual careful fashion, and for a number of years has been plying his "treatment"—as shown—under varying names, at different addresses, possibly with profit to his own pocket, but with results unsatisfactory in the case of some "patients." The connection between the Rev. Silas Jones and Richard Haynel is not one to be commended.

BEHIND THE BI

Intern the Vicious!—Some Plain Ws

By THE EDITO

LAST week, in dealing with "Vice in High Places," I wrote under circumstances of considerable difficulty. The Billing case was still on, and it was essential that no word should be said which could by any possibility prejudice the proceedings. Now, thank Heaven, the unsavoury business is over; and in returning to the sordid Thing behind it all, my one aim is to "put the lid," once and for all, upon the sexual cesspool whose foul odours are poisoning the atmosphere of our social life, and threatening to undermine the virility and cleanliness of our race—as, indeed, they were intended to do by the agents of German bestiality and depravity, who during the last ten years have been busy, like the Mormons, proselytising their filthy gospel of moral perversion and degeneracy. Now let us consider the significance which lurked behind it all. The general Press may denounce or deplore this or that aspect of the case; witnesses may be condemned, and conduct may be censured—but the big and outstanding fact remains that the prisoner (for that was his position) was acquitted triumphantly. Do not let us either exaggerate or under-estimate that verdict, or the scene which accompanied it. But rather let us look behind to the influences which operated to bring it about. Why was the Old Bailey Court turned into a bear-garden; why did the public alternately hiss and applaud; and why, when Mr. Billing left the Court a free man, was there a spectacle of wild enthusiasm and cheers from a thousand throats? It will not do to ascribe conventional reasons and to throw up our hands in horrified deprecation that such things should be. We must look closer into the facts, and when we do so we find deep public suspicion, profound public unrest, based on a firmly-seated belief that at last one aspect of the meaning of "The Hidden Hand" had been discovered, and that the man who sought to expose it was battling against forces designed to crush him. Now it is not necessary to believe all the fantastic volume of mystery and wild improbability which was built up in the course of the trial. Much of it was *camouflage*—and much of it was hysteria; but much of it was only too true. In connection with my journalistic work I am made the repository of secrets which hold often the liberty and sometimes the lives of men in jeopardy. I learn much that touches public people at many points. And I say this, deliberately: that since we have been at war with the Hun, the evidence of some grave and hidden—some deep and sinister—influence at work, which has been against this country and in favour of the enemy, has accumulated with appalling strength.

The German Black-Book.

Nearly four years' growing suspicion—that is the meaning of the public interest and excitement which made pandemonium in Justice Darling's Court, and unnerved the temper and imperilled the dignity of the Judicial Bench. That is also the reason why thousands in Great Britain to-day believe every word that was uttered, and regard Mr. Pemberton Billing, M.P., as a national hero. What did he allege? That the Germans possess a "Black Book" which was called the "Book of the 47,000"—that in that book were to be found the names of the men and women in Society, in our governing classes, in finance, in art, in every walk of life, who were addicted to low and debasing vices, to practices which shame the human body, make a mockery of sex distinction, break the nerve, undermine the physique, deprave the mind, and blacken the soul. Twelve jurymen—ordinary plain, honest men of London, who heard all the evidence and sat calm and contained, an example and a reproof alike to the levity and licence of the crowd—believed the prisoner's witnesses' story. They believed that ever since the beginning of war the enemy had taken advantage of this knowledge of the moral perversion and the sexual degeneracy of men and women whose names are in that Black Book, to blackmail the offenders—to force them by the fear of exposure to work the will of the foe, or, alternatively, that those recorded degenerates were afraid to act with honest energy and patriotic strength in the task of defeating Germany. *That such a book exists there is no doubt.* Counsel may sneer and journalists may jibe—but before long its contents may be known. It will then, however, be seen that certain names which were branded in Court are there for a very different reason from that suggested. Only one section of the Book deals with sexual perverts—and that is where the witnesses were wrong. There are sections for those in German pay—for political sympathisers, for British spies and "naturalised" friends, and all kinds of other people—but, above all, there is a section for politicians and journalists *who are the enemies of Germany*—and I should not be surprised to find that my own name is included in *that* list! There are also the names of judges who have sentenced spies and traitors. So now you see how it is possible that *anybody* may be there; and in common fairness these facts should be borne in mind in regard to any of the names of public men and others which were mentioned in the case. Do not, however, let us waste further words about this Book. The Secret Service of almost every country possesses a similar volume.

How Germany was Aided and Abetted.

Just think of some of the things for which there seems to be only one explanation—the Hidden Hand. At the very first flush and onset of war there was that grossly criminal order to the Fleet not to interfere with German reservists, who returned in their thousands from America to swell the army of butchers against whom our sons were fighting. Then there was the weak blockade. That appeared a deliberate act in favour of Germany, just as the persistency of the Foreign Office in making the King responsible for putting into force an instrument his Parliament had rejected—I mean the Declaration of London—looked like a wanton and wick attempt to load the dice of war against us. Again, there were those months and months during which, supported notably by Lord Haldane, the Government refused to make cotton contraband—cotton, the basis of all high explosives. Recall, too, the cruel indifference of the authorities to the danger from the enemy in our midst, the long delay in interning the Hun—even to-day thousands are at large among us and a wealthy German baron, naturalised since the war—"for financial reasons"—is allowed to store hundreds of tons of coal and maintain hothouses for orchids! That scandalous story is just one of the things that make for social revolt. This man Schröder should be interned; he should never have been allowed the protection and privileges of British nationality—assumed, let me repeat, only after war was declared. Neither bluster nor explanation availed the Home Secretary of the time; the nation was angry and suspicious, and nearly four years of war have increased the anger and deepened the suspicion. To-day the Hun is squealing in his towns and cities because at last we are bombing *him* in his home. But how long did the nation demand, and demand in vain, that there should be reprisals? Think, too, of those enemy Banks, and of the enemy businesses in London and the country. Only by threats were the Government forced to stop the blackguardly game of bolstering up Hun enterprises, or seeking to preserve goodwill so that after the war he could return here and renew his trading. Who can wonder that the *Daily Mail*, controlled by one who has been in close touch with the Foreign Office in an official capacity, has recently called upon Mr. Lloyd George to close up that Office for the duration of the war?

What the Plain Man Believes.

How can it be wondered that ordinary citizens—what the superior folk call the "common people"—believe that German influence has been at work? One mistake—two mistakes—of policy; one blunder—ten blunders—favouring Germany, might be put down to ignorance. No Government is fool-proof, but deliberate acts, defended often with venom, justified with heat, the critics either derided or denounced—which have all helped the enemy and crippled us in the war—need some other explanation than stupidity—and God knows we have seen enough of that since August, 1914! The crowds that seethed about the Old Bailey the other day believed that one secret of much of this cruel incompetence and wicked weakness and inaction which until recently clogged the wheels of war is to be found in that

BILLING CASE.

s to Degenerates—My Black Book.

ITOR.

Black Book, and the jury—despite every rule of law—accepted fully the story told them. Their verdict, however, did denounce a foul and decadent play—which gives dramatic expression to some of the vices recorded in the Black Book; vices which, to quote the language of Father Bernard Vaughan, mean "constructive treason against the majesty and sanctity of God"—and which the Judge declared is so offensive to public morals as to be unfit for performance. Yet but for the libel and the trial that filthy production of a perverted mind would have been taken to Neutral countries by a naturalised alien, on the pretence that it was typical of English drama and English thought. It was to be Propaganda Work! It is not possible to imagine any more outrageous scheme, and if this Dutchman, who enjoys the security of our laws and the amenities of our social life, had had his way, that "melodrama of disease," that "impure and degenerate thing," as honest English dramatic critics described it, would have gone abroad as our gift from the English theatre to the neutral! I think it only right to say that such an outrage was to have been committed without the authority of the Ministry of Information, under which department Mr. J. T. Grein swore on oath he was acting, and it is but fair to Lord Beaverbrook and those associated with the Ministry of Information—what a title!—that this fact should be known. Really, we are an amazing people and I wonder sometimes whether we are quite right in our minds. In the very early days of the war, an ex-German was allowed to masquerade in khaki with complete official sanction, in order to carry out in the British press a recruiting campaign. It did not need a libel action to stop that offence. Press exposure finished it in a day. And yet now, after nearly four years of war, it is a Dutchman, acting on some sort of authority for which the Minister of Information was not responsible, who is found interfering in propaganda work, applauding a foul play in open Court, and making arrangements to carry the filthy thing across the North Sea in the name of England. Ye Gods! when will this tragic fooling cease?

Intern the Vicious.

So I say that, if the Billing trial did nothing else, it has put an end to a scheme which, if a German and not a Dutchman had been behind it, could have been better understood. But it has, I hope, done more. I trust His Majesty's Government realises the deep underlying significance of an outraged public opinion. No greater calamity could befall this beloved country of ours than that any real expression of social unrest should be made manifest. There have been troublesome movements in different parts of the country, and incidents have occurred which only the censorship has hidden from general knowledge. But these have been due to grievances of the workers and to feelings of discontent aroused by wage difficulties. Reasonable compromises and adjustments and appeals to patriotism have readily availed. But it is a different thing where the governing influence is a rankling feeling that persons in high places have jeopardised victory by selfish greed or enervating lust. That flouting of the dignity of Justice, and that deriding of the majesty of the law the other day is not a healthy—it is a bad and sinister sign. Read your history of the French Revolution and you will see the first portents of the storm which swept aside all authority and order were to be found in the Courts where the populace laughed at the judges and bandied words with the Bench. Now we want nothing of that sort here. A cool national temper, a stout national heart, confidence and unity—those are what we must have so long as we are fighting this perilous fight for Liberty and Truth. But the Prime Minister must understand the position. It is useless to attempt to put indignities on a man whom a British jury has acquitted, or to deny him his rights as an M.P.—and I am sure Mr. Lloyd George will be no party to such criminal stupidity. There is something more behind this than the allegation against an American dancer and a Dutch journalist. And I solemnly warn the Government of the danger of increasing public distrust or feeding the flame of unrest. The war is in a most critical phase. Behind this Billing case are the long and weary months of war, with their ever-growing catalogue of Ministerial mistakes and departmental acts, coloured it has seemed with pro-German intrigue. I beg Mr. Lloyd George to make an example, where the evidence is sufficient, of some of the men—yes, and women—whose names are in that Black Book. We are at war. We intern on suspicion of enemy associations. Then let us intern on proof of enemy vices. In the words of the late W. S. Gilbert, they "never would be missed."

My Black Book.

Without pandering to the morbid and the prurient-minded, but realising the grim and terrible reality of the evil which we are up against, I intend to give some of its devotees a very plain hint that they are under observation. It is, of course, difficult to get direct evidence, but it is an adage that "there is no smoke without fire"; and when you have such dense and voluminous fumes of rumour regarding the wives and even the daughters of certain public men, and in association with them the lady members of certain noble families and also eminent actresses, you cannot be surprised that the cult of Lesbianism is the theme of conversation in many West End circles. And here let me echo the hope of Mr. Justice Darling that the newly-enfranchised women will look carefully into those matters. Now is their opportunity. Let them take Her Majesty the Queen and the wife of the present Prime Minister as examples of that domestic purity—in the true sense of the word—which, when all is said, is the best security for the good name of our race. Again, when certain prominent persons are notoriously "woman-haters," you cannot wonder that they, too, are suspect of another vice. When you have a play like "The Picture of Dorian Grey" staged at a London theatre—with its filthy and revolting dialogue, and an audience of painted men, again you cannot wonder if Germany chuckles and thinks that her campaign of vice has not been in vain. And when almost every week you may read in various Sunday newspapers cases of abominable indecency, again you are entitled to ask yourselves whether the virus of sexual degeneracy has not polluted our blood. Many who read these words—words which *must* be written—will be able to fill in names and details which for the moment I omit, but I want our degenerates to understand clearly that, in sporting parlance, their "number is up"—and that unless they take warning from this Billing case and amend their ways, there is at least one journal, of wide circulation and some influence, which will not hesitate to tear aside the veil of hypocrisy and convention which at present protects them from public exposure and obloquy. As I have already indicated, there would not be much difficulty in compiling a British Black Book. Indeed, I have long had such a publication in contemplation, although I confess it had never been part of my intention to include a section for moral and sexual degenerates. Pro-Germans, suspect aliens, Pacifists, and Little Englanders were to be its contents—and I hope it may never be necessary to add such a section as that which forms part of the German volume. As I write, my table is groaning with correspondence which has reached me since the publication of last week's article, and which so far I have had no opportunity of reading. Next week, however, I hope to deal finally with this unsavoury Thing. After all, the farce and the tragedy of the Billing case—for it was characterised by both—will have served some good purpose by enabling us, whilst yet there was time, to apply successfully the surgery of healthy public opinion to a malignant growth upon the body politic. Heaven knows I am no purist. I am instinctively opposed to all forms of convention—common decency being the only test which I apply to conduct. I do not like the name of Pemberton Billing's paper—*The Vigilante*—although I am given to understand that it was never intended to be construed too literally; whilst Vigilance Societies are an abomination in my eyes. But I do not want to see the vigour and fibre of the British race sapped and undermined by the vices of Berlin—whose peculiar *kultur*, as we all know now, has produced the most bestial and depraved type of being—a satire upon Humanity and a blasphemy on the name of God!

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE THREATENED EDUCATION BILL.

Proud Father: Set up, son, an' leave yer nose alone, there's a good boy.

Mother: 'Erbert, pull yore stockin's up this instant. I sharn't tell you twice.

P. Father: Don't speak to 'im so sharp, mum. You'll make the kid nervous. 'E'll want all 'is nerve as 'e grows up.

Mother: 'E's got nerve enough fur two already, I reckon, wot with you spoilin' 'im. 'Erbert, did I tell you to pull yore stockin's up or did I not?

P. Father: Let 'im alone. It'll cool 'is legs. Fine kid fur 'is age, aint 'e, mister?

Worried Business Man: I dare say.

P. Father: You'd take 'im to be a good two years older than 'e is, wouldn't yer, now?

W. B. Man: I'm no judge. Besides, I don't know what his age is.

P. Father: Five. Thet's wot 'e is. Five. And if 'e don't look seven I'm a liar.

Mother: I don't reckin 'e looks more'n 'is age. 'E'll git old farst enough.

P. Father: Never you mind, ole gal. It makes yer wish you was young agin, don't it, mister, to look at thet kid an' think of 'is charnces?

W. B. Man: I suppose the chances are he'll have measles, like other children, and mumps, and whooping cough.

P. Father: I mean 'is charnces under the new Edgercation Bill wot's bein' parssed. No leavin' school at 14 fur 'im. 'E'll go on learnin' until 'e's eighteen, an' p'raps, if 'e's as smart as 'e oughter be, considerin' 'oo 'is farther is, 'e might go to a University to finish orf.

W. B. Man: I've heard something about this new scheme. Continuation classes from 14 to 18, or something like that. To learn a trade thoroughly, I suppose?

P. Father (*with disgust*): A *trade!* No bloomin' fear. 'E's goin' to learn to be a bloomin' gentleman. French, an' drorin', an' p'raps the pyanner, an' subjicks like thet.

W. B. Man: You'll find it rather expensive. I know what the education of sons costs.

P. Father: Expensive! Git out! It won't cost *me* nuthink—on'y 'is grub an' clobber w'ile 'e's learnin'. It'll come outer the taxes.

W. B. Man: Which means *I* shall have to pay for your son to be taught a lot of useless accomplishments. *I* see. Oh, well, we poor middle-classes will have to stand the racket as usual, I suppose. I shouldn't begrudge it if the idea was to teach the boy a useful trade, selected according to his abilities. But——

P. Father: There you are! Thet's always the way with you toffs. Wanter keep the pore workin' clarsses down as usual.

W. B. Man: Not at all. I believe in State elementary education, and even Secondary Schools, but unless a child exhibits some special talent I don't think the tax-paying class should be called upon to provide the money to teach a lot of unprofitable accomplishments to Tom, Dick and Harry indiscriminately. That won't enable us to hold our own in trade against the Germans after the war.

P. Father: I don't care wot you say. I backs up Mr. Fisher, the Minister fur Edgercation, and 'e won't listen to none o' this talk about teachin' our kids to 'old their own with the Germans in trade. 'E's fur makin' the kids all scholars, and I 'olds with 'im. 'Erbert, didn't I tell yer to leave yer nose alone? W'y, 'ere we are! Look sharp, mum. You take the kid. I'll look arter the parcels.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Port of Spain Gazette" (advertisement):—
"Loss by Fire. Always a treat to Householders. The Same Applies to Matine and War. Take No Risks."

"Caterer and Hotel-Keepers' Gazette" (advertisement showing notice):—
"No Treating Aloud."

"Smart Novels":—
"In thus devoting herself, as a daughter might to a childless widow, she was kept from brooding over her own troubles."

"Dublin Evening Mail" (advertisement):—
"Lost. . . . Gold Bangle, Half Chaste."

"Daily Telegraph" (advertisement):—
"——'s Private Detective Agency. . . . . Pioneers of all Troubles."

"Stockport County Borough Express" (advertisement):—
"Domestic Servants. . . . Genrl. £20, Fam. 2, raised every year."

"North Wales Pioneer":—
"£3,862 has been handed to Mrs. Lloyd George . . . for comforts for the Welsh troops and assistance for those who are disabled as the result of collections in the city on the Welsh Flag Day."

"Cork County Eagle and Munster Advertiser":
"She quoted . . . figures to show what a decrease in infant mortality had taken place since the inauguration of the Society (N.S.P.C.C.). . . . These figures clearly demonstrated that such decrease was unmistakably absent in every district in the country in which the work of the Society was actively carried on."

SPECIAL TO "JOHN BULL" READERS.

"THE NATIONAL NEWS" BECOMES NATIONAL.

ITS POLICY AND PROPRIETARY NOW ENTIRELY BRITISH—THE ONLY PENNY SUNDAY PAPER.

LAST Sunday's issue of *The National News* was the first to be published under the control of the new proprietors, Odhams Limited, who are the publishers of so many patriotic weeklies, including John Bull, *The Passing Show*, and others.

The first point of importance in connection with the new *National News* is the fact that it is *the only Sunday newspaper obtainable at the pre-war price of One Penny.* This does not mean that the quality of its contents suffer. On the contrary, its organisation for providing the very latest news, special articles and other features of interest to readers, places *The National News* in the front rank of Sunday papers.

Absolutely Independent.

The main plank in the platform of *The National News* is absolute independence of any Party or clique, political or otherwise. This freedom permits its voicing in a most outspoken manner the thoughts and feelings of all those who have the welfare of Britain and the British Empire at heart. Nothing will deter it from criticising anything that threatens to weaken our national life or hinder our Imperial prosperity. Its views on topics vital to British supremacy will unquestionably command the attention and win the sympathy of every right-thinking Briton.

We quote the following from our first leading article: "Until victory has been secured and a lasting peace assured, no other preoccupations can be allowed to interfere with the supreme task of the Allies, and it will be our duty as

Men of Purely British Birth

to do our part by such influence as *The National News* can exercise to hasten the consummation of all our hopes. . . .

"It is a real advantage to a journal that it should have come into existence during the war. With no old and outworn principles to hamper its efforts, it is free to approach every subject in the light of present truths, and to be guided only by thoughts of the future.

"So long as we are convinced that

Mr. Lloyd George and his Ministers

are firm in their determination to win the war, and effective in their actions to that end, we shall give them our complete and unreserved support. But we shall regard it as our duty to maintain a watchful eye upon every department of the State.

"While we shall be a journal of opinions, we shall, above all, be a journal of news—a penny Sunday newspaper that includes within its eight pages the best war news and the best home news—the paper that everyone will wish to have and no one can afford to miss."

Special articles from the pens of the most prominent and influential thinkers and writers of the day will appear each week. Last Sunday's issue included an exclusive article by Mr. N. Pemberton Billing, M.P., dealing with his remarkable trial at the Old Bailey, entitled

"My Fight for a Cleaner England,"

and a most suggestive contribution from one of the new Knights, Sir Hall Caine, on "The Giving and Taking of Titles."

Theatres, Music, Literature and Art are each dealt with in a most attractive style by writers whose qualifications are beyond cavil. Sport lovers will also find their favourite topic most interestingly treated.

To Every John Bull Reader:

If you like John Bull, you will like the new *National News;* but to make sure of a copy, fill up this order form and hand it to your newsagent. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it or would like a specimen copy, send a postcard to the Publisher, *The National News,* Temple Bar House, 28, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

The National News.

The Only 8-page Sunday Paper at 1d.

Please reserve me "The National News" regularly.

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"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

How They "Kid" Us:—Every conscript called up may claim a medical examination. We regret to find that some Medical Boards ask a man to sign a paper declaring that he is satisfied with his examination before he knows what category he has been placed in. Isn't it lovely?

Our Friend the Enemy:—Who will tell us where the German officers and men, prisoners of war in our keeping, get the appliances to cut the barbed wire; and how is it that they have English money in their pockets, though they are supposed to have only tokens? The stories we hear carry our minds back to some of the allegations in the Billing case.

You and Me:—Army Council Instruction 476, of 1918, increases the rate of allowance in lieu of rations from 1s. 9d. to 2s. 1d. per day. Fourpence extra has been paid since the 1st May to all unmarried men not drawing rations. Men on family allowance do not get the increase. We should like to know why, as the men in each category have to provide out of their pockets for the higher cost of living.

Still They Come:—Inoculation and vaccination are not compulsory in the British Army, and yet we continue to receive letters from men of the new army telling us that all forms of punishment are measured out to them because they refuse to bare their arms to the needle. We are against Prussianism in the Service.

Tommy in India:—We have a batch of letters from soldiers in Bombay and elsewhere in India, asking us why they receive only a few rupees each week as pay; why the barrack damages are so tremendously excessive; and when they will be given the increase of pay granted to soldiers in September last. We are unable to answer satisfactorily. The matter was raised recently in Parliament by a friend of ours, and as a reply he was given a cock-and-bull yarn. Do the Parliamentarians and others not realise that when the Army is demobilised the hot-air chaps will be in for a bad time?

"In Reply to Yours":—A gunner at Prees Heath asks us if Foch is in supreme command in France, and "if the Allies include the British"! The answers are in the affirmative.

"To Settle a Small Argument":—A Canadian soldier also asks us for the total number of men in all the armies who have been killed since the war started. Hands up, kamerad!

Hospital Book-keeping:—Up to a short time ago, when a man got hurt in action his whereabouts and condition were supposed to be traced to an hour. We regret that things are now at sixes and sevens. It is known that a man has been wounded, but in many cases nobody at the War Office or anywhere else knows where he is, or how he is getting on. We want to return to the old style.

Be Honest:—When a soldier's registered letter is lost, the Post Office and War Office start playing battledore and shuttlecock, the inquirer—who has perhaps lost a considerable sum of money—being referred from one department to the other, and from the other back to the first, until he is sick, sorry, and tired of the whole stupid business. Seldom, if ever, do the authorities find the missive. Considering the way they go about it, it would be a miracle if they did; but having accepted a registration fee, they might at least pay up and look honest. Complaints on this score are rife.

"JACK."

Pay the Boys:—We hear from the men of the patrol boats based at a West-Country port that they are not paid until the 9th of the month, and sometimes are kept kicking their heels for their money until the 15th. There is food for thought here—and we commend the matter to the attention of the Accountant-General of the Navy.

Selling the Country:—The man in the street often wonders how the U-boats get their information. Here is something from Milford Haven, whence convoys start. Open instructions, to be read by anybody who knows the signals (and they are many), are given by semaphore from shore to ship, with the result that although all messages are supposed to be kept secret and confidential, they are spoken of in the town before the ships weigh anchor and put to sea. Can we wonder that our vessels are torpedoed in that part of the Channel, where the German submarines skulk about like pilchards off Falmouth? "Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Rather Mean:—A "Silver Badger" in the Yorkshire area died, and it was arranged that he should be given a military funeral. With the exception of those working for a dyeing company, the Silver Badgers were given permission by their employers to attend the funeral. The lads employed in the colour works took French leave, and we are sorry to note there has been a general sacking of the "absentees."

Doctors Differ:—We have before us the case of a "Badger" in Nottinghamshire, whose livelihood depends upon the Medical Officer's report. One doctor says he is suffering from neurasthenia; another declares that the disease is nephritis, and that the man is not fit for work. If he is not fit for work he is entitled to 27s. 6d. a week. If the other medico's certificate is correct, he is entitled only to a pension, according to his loss in earning power. In the name of all that is holy, will *somebody* come along to look after our wrecks sent back from the Front?

Police Court Justice:—A "Badger," returned from the field of action, got a job as driver of a pantechnicon. He was passing over London Bridge in the second line of traffic when another Jehu attempted to cross him. To avoid collision the "Badger" pulled to the off-side, and slightly collided with a single-horse van. The result was, a policeman summoned him for driving to the "common danger"; but although before the Bench the policeman confessed that he did not see the accident, our Badger friend was fined £2 and £2 costs, his licence being endorsed. No independent witness, by the way, was called on either side!

Badgers First:—We are sorry to note the prevalence of the system under which, when slackness of work occurs, the first men to be shown the gate are our discharged soldiers. If this continues, we must see if we cannot make the authorities insist upon our badged men being retained and the civilian employees likely to make good recruits sent into the Army.

Rejected:—An ex-soldier, by trade a carpenter, tells us that he vainly applied recently for employment at an aircraft factory—the excuse given by the foreman being that, as he had been in the Army for over two years, he would be of no use in civil life. This very long-standing objection to ex-soldiers must be scotched.

(*Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."*)

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Double Anxiety:—One of our soldiers' laddies has had the misfortune to lose an eye; his baby sister is lying ill with bronchitis. The attention demanded by this distress has prevented the mother from working, and consequently she was behind with her rent, etc., as her allowance would not provide for the cost of illness.

Overworked:—Widowed in 1915, the mother of two delicate children has worked hard to add to her pension, which is inadequate for the needs of the little family. Her health at last failed, and she has just been discharged from hospital. For her complete recovery she is ordered to take nourishment, which she could not procure herself, hence her application.

Dinnerless Days:—A mother appealed on behalf of her little child, who frequently had to go back to school without a proper mid-day meal. The child has no father, he having died in the Service, and the pension is insufficient for the cost of daily needs, the widow being at present unable to work.

The Doctor's Bill Again:—For attendance on the baby boy of a soldier who has had a long illness, the bill was correspondingly lengthy. The mother is anxious to work to pay it off, but the little one is still in need of constant attention.

Sickness—and Death:—While a soldier's young family were down with chicken pox, news came to the mother of her brother's death in action. Bills, too, were being presented which she could not pay, though up till then she had kept out of debt.

Further Help Rendered:—

Soldier's wife in debt through illness of her child. Lost her work also.

Worried by landlord for rent, another soldier's wife could not possibly pay as she was ill. Husband also in hospital.

After long illness of two children, one succumbed. Debts accumulated, for payment of which help was asked.

Serious nerve and throat trouble of little girl, which has caused breakdown of her mother. Father on Active Service.

Somewhat lengthy illness of baby; doctor's bill could not be met out of allowance.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Employers, Messrs. Whitehead's Aircraft, Ltd., Feltham (per F. M.), £26 10s.; "A Zoroaster," £1 1s.; J. O. B. (Orkney), 2s. 6d.; H. S. (L. E. F.), 2s.; M. G (New York), £1 15s. 8d.; P. P., 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; Members of the Kork Klub (per L. G. B.), £1 8s.; "Soldier's Wife" (Glasgow), 2s.; Miss C. (Madeira), 10s.; A. M. S. (Shemeld), 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "A Yorkshireman," 5s.; A. W. M. (Preston), 6d.; A. P. (Stratford), 2s.; Mr. D. (Accra), £1 10s.; "Hobe," 1s.; Anon. (Pontymister), 5s.; L. T. (Doncaster), 2s. 6d.; D. H. B., 1s.; "Bibbib," £2 2s.; A. H., 1s.; R. M., 3s. 7d.; "Jayoun," 1s.; J. E., 11s. 8d.; "Nine R.E. Sappers," 12s.; "Thank-offering" (Sydenham), 2s.; "Charlie and Marion," 1s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; A. H. (Crook), 2s. 6d.; F. P. B., 2s.; G. C. D. (Dorset), 2s. 6d.; "Rejected" (Wareham), 2s. 6d.; "A Poor Old Country Woman" (Chichester), 2s.; W. H. W. (Sutton), 2s.; A. H., 6d.; N. A. (Norwich), 1s.; Mr. O., 3d.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Norwich), 1s.; H. H. (Oldham), 1s.; Mrs. D. (Errol), 1s.; M. M. G. (Guernsey), 5s.; C. C. (Hanley), 1s.; "Unlucky Patric," 2s.; W. P. P., £10 10s.; J. W., 1s. 10d.; Miss H., 5s.; B W., 2s.; W. N. S., 5s.; R. W. (W. Heaton), 2s.; F. W. H (Lyndhurst), 2s. 6d.; E. W. (Plymouth), 1s. 6d.; W. E. T. (Guernsey), 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; C. V. (Hythe), 1s.; K. S. (St. Helens), 1s.; C. W. B. (France), 1s.; A. S., 1s.; A. A. G. (Godstone), 1s.; T. E. T. (Ardrossan), 1s. 1d.; "A Lonely Tommy," 2s. 6d.; R. J., 1s.; "Soldier's Wife and Five Children," 2s.; G. D. (Fife), 1s.; M. E., 1s.; R. W. H., 10s.; S. M. (Manchester), 2s.; C. S. B. (Saffron Walden), 2s. 6d.; R. M., £1; "Sapper's Wife," 1s.; "Four Grateful Sisters" (Seneca), 10s.; E. E. B., £1 10s.; C. M. P., 1s.; F. N. L., 1s.; R. H. (Manchester), 2s 6d.; A. W. H., 1s.; H. W. H. (Devon), 2s. 6d.; S. W., 2s.; M. M. (Blundellsands), £3; Coins Dept., V.R.C., Croydon (per F. B. P.), £1 11s. 6d.; "Rae," 5s.; E. F. T (Pontardawe), 1s.; Anonymous, 1s. 6d.; G. S. C. (Camberwell), 1s.; "Isaba Maru," 10s.; "W.," 1s.; E. S. (Poplar), 1s.; A. R. M. (Sask.), $2.50; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

E. P. (Billinghas), 1s.; W. H. (Catterick), 5s.; R. B. (Leytonstone), 1s.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

PTE. S. C. (Southgate).—We are in *many* people's Black Books.

"AN OLD ADMIRER."—Your imitation of our signature is truly wonderful. What a lucky thing it is that our banking account is always overdrawn!

"SPLINTERED."—Thanks for sending us from the trenches yet another bullet-perforated photo of ourselves. We have fairly got it in the neck this time, haven't we?

"MONTE CUCCO" (Bianzé, Italy).—Sorry to hear that Italia, like England, is cursed with dud politicians, who so often render futile the efforts and sacrifices of her brave soldiers. We are inclined to think that the Devil made politicians as well as theology.

F. G. P. (Ashton-on-Ribble).—We are not betting on the duration of the war. It does not strike us as being a sporting event, but a solemn crusade.

"AN ADMIRER" (Ross-shire). — Your verses in our praise, ending "*Thou* art the man, fearless and strong," have made us very proud.

W. A., SNR. (Hasbrouch Heights, N.J.). —Thanks for your cheery letter. Glad to hear U.S. troops are crossing to France at the rate of umpty thousand per month.

PRIVATE P. H. (Sheffield).—Yours to hand straight from the fighting ranks. Cheerio, boys!

J. M. (South Norwood).—When we do get back to the House we shan't be "pussy-footed," so don't worry your dear old head on that score.

J. B. (Morpeth).—So you've twigged our references to Unclaimed Bank Balances. Evidently you're beginning to sit up and take notice.

D. R. (Doncaster).—"I see you are likely to take your stand for Parliament." And sit, too, you can bet your last brace button.

MRS. C. D. (Warwickshire).—Nice of you to consider us "the best man in England"; but why not the United Kingdom? Got Lloyd George up your sleeve?

R. E. R. (Nottingham).—Your suggested additional verse is quite good, but what we want is a new National Anthem altogether, set to a tune that has no German taint about it.

J. D. D. (Whitehall).—Agreed that to settle soldiers as smallholders on land in Ireland would be a good thing for them and a bad one for Sinn Fein.

"MAXIMILIAN" (Kingsland).—You tell us you are the rightful heir to the Austrian throne and we do not doubt your word. Still it's nothing to boast about, and your son's wounds, fighting for the Allies, are far more honourable.

E. L. (Cardiff).—We ourselves received particulars of several plans for blocking Ostend and Zeebrugge, not dissimilar to those eventually acted on.

G. H. T. (Stafford).—"In poor health, JOHN BULL does me more good than all the medicine; it seems to buck me up." Shush! You'll make us unpopular with the Faculty.

W. P. (Bath).—We understand and respect your religious conviction, but cynics *will* say that General Foch and the War Council believe that, in the end, Providence will reveal itself on the side of the biggest battalions and the last reserves.

E. H. (R.N.B., Portsmouth).—"When the Kaiser stood on the wrecked Mole at Zeebrugge did he turn to Admiral Scheer and say, 'Oh, dam it'?" No, that's what Admiral Keyes said to his officers.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Preston). — We think your husband and son deserve leave, mother, but if the country needs them, wait yet a little while. "The night is far spent; the day is at hand."

"ENGLISH LADY" (London).—"Will you kindly tell me what paper Asquith is the editor of?" Not *this*!

A. J. D. (France).—Dear old boy, don't you worry. Conscript our women? Why, we'd as soon think of conscripting Irishmen.

J. W. S. (Woolwich).—A medical man who refuses to dispense a drug urgently needed by one of his own private patients, for the reason that it is a Bank Holiday and he is taking a day off, has no right to be in the profession. He has more of the temperament of the funeral furnisher.

G. BASS (Newnham).—People who choke the post with "chain-prayer" post-cards in these days of paper shortage, ought to be chained up. By the way, yours is a nice name for a hot day.

MRS. E. D. (Lewes).—If you wish us to continue to entertain kindly feelings towards you, send us no more "poetry."

"A LOYAL IRISH GIRL" (Dublin).—We do not class all Irish people together "as being hopelessly disloyal." If we did, we should say "To Hell with Ireland!" and mean it. As it is, we say, "God save Ireland!"

J. C. (Ashford).—Glad we give you "some considerable amusement." Bet you look funny when you laugh.

"PROSPECTIVE VICTIM" (Eastcheap, E.C.).—We have made several pithy allusions to the season ticket scandal. Go home and read them.

"ATTESTED" (Manchester).—If you want to tell us about the man who brags of "doing 'Dora,'" call at our office any time, or write in confidence.

J. M. P. (Salisbury).—Seems next door to impossible to send this journal through the post without getting it pinched. Some temptations are too great for frail humanity.

E. S. A. (Prince Rupert City).—Thanks for compliments. Here's all the skin off your nose!

"RICKMANSWORTH."—"The three sons of the firm have never been before the Tribunal." If they have got behind it —— ? Time they *went*, any way.

"SILVER BADGE" (S. Newington).—The police couldn't play it much lower down than by masquerading in military uniform to convict a Twickenham publican under the Non-Treating Act.

C. R.—"Now, sir, can you tell us why Russians in London are allowed to open shops while our own men in the same line of business have had to close down and join up?" No.

"CORPORAL" (Shoreham).—It seems to have become a common practice of the military to turn British people out of railway carriages to make Huns more comfy. And this though there is no revealed shortage of cattle trucks.

J. M. D. (E.C.).—Free love decreed legal in Petrograd, faithful wives lashed, and "monopolizing" husbands punished? Yes, but the yarn comes from a "Neutral" source.

E. S. (Grantham).—You sent 6d. stamps to S. Mackenzie Kennedy, Killarney. Don't do it again; some of the pamphlets he sent you smell of pacifism.

J. S. (Guardbridge).—"I don't often see JOHN BULL, but a friend this week——." Ye'd better bang tuppence, mon; ye'll get mair eddication frae it than frae hay or thistles.

"SPORTSMAN" (Redditch).—General Smuts was right when he said: "We want no countries, no annexations." But having been forced to take the German colonies, we shall be compelled, for the sake of world-peace, to keep them.

J. A. C. (Manchester).—Reading the extract you send from a letter from a distracted soldier's wife to her husband's C.O.: "Unless I receive my husband's pay at once I shall be compelled to lead an immortal life," we smiled, with an aching heart.

"MUNITION WORKER" (Kingston).—We might have been more interested in your letter if you hadn't written it with a hatpin. Thanks muchly, though, for contribution to our Fund.

W. P. (Cubitt Town, E.).—Certainly you were overcharged for the tobacco, but afraid we cannot spare time to go down and recover your twopence.

H. S. (Bond Street, W.).—Put your shirt on us, old son, and you'll never feel the draught.

"STOMACH ACHE" (Newark-on-Trent).—To refer to the new 4d. Government ale as "intoxicating liquor" is probably the best joke Lord D'Abernon has ever made.

J. A. D. (Liverpool).—A London man is said to have got his calling-up paper on his 91st birthday, and goes to France to relieve his father. The yarn is not quite true—yet.

MRS. C. (Hereford).—Somebody named Sully (fit name), of Norbiton, offers vague details concerning alleged dead officer and unclaimed money, and wants 1s. for his "information." We don't recommend the despatch of a p.o.

MRS. P. P. (Tipton).—"Thank goodness we have such a paper as yours." Help yourself, and pass the mustard.

A. B. J., D.S.M.—When that Gallipoli medal comes along, the boys of the submarines there, in the Sea of Marmora and at the landing, will not be left out if we can help it.

MRS. G. (Alloa).—Every week 4,463 "Bullets" prizes are despatched. They should reach their respective winners on the date of the publication of the result of each competition.

"WILLING WORKER" (Brighton).—We have not lost many opportunities of defending the W.A.A.C.s against Stiggins, Grundy and Co.

"ANXIOUS ONE" (W. Bromwich).—A great many house agents are now profiteering by charging "key money" on small property to let, and it's a thundering shame.

"OLD SOLDIER" (Oldham).—"When I read about the rotters you so often expose in JOHN BULL it makes my blood boil." On the other hand, it makes their flesh creep.

"SISTER" (Torquay).—If he's in the R.N.V.R. at the Crystal Palace he is not yet in the danger zone. You can't expect him to telegraph daily, surely?

MRS. D. (Boro') saw a case in the paper where a Russian was sent back to Russia while his wife draws £1 a week from British taxpayers. We are always kind to aliens.

E. T. (Rochester).—We do not think Mr. A. Webb, of Marylebone, is entitled to allow his overweening anxiety to purchase second-hand pianos to lead him to make impudent inquiries of complete strangers by means of post-cards as to whether they wish to sell their instruments.

W. H. H. (Sparkbrook).—"How doth the genial Lloyd George Improve each shining hour And gather money all the day From every peer in power," etc. You appear to forget that the last Budget was fathered by Bonar Law.

W. E. M. (Swansea).—Sorry you were upset by the railway refreshment room fodder. Only people with cast-iron stomachs should run such risks.

"DONKEY" (Seaham Harbour).—Looks as though you'd had a misunderstanding with yourself. How's your father?

A. K. (Southsea).—In your 80th year, you are kind enough to send us your good wishes. Hope to hear from you again at 90.

GUNNER F. C. W. (Torquay).—Sorry cannot translate for you, our Oriental language expert having had a slight mishap on his way to business.

E. W. (Old Hall Green).—You must not tell us a domestic servant with 10 years' good character cannot get a situation. It's all bogey to suggest it, for she would be run after with work.

J. D. W.—The reverend skunk who wrote of British soldiers "shooting their officers" is a creature who knows neither soldier nor officer. As he had to pay the heavy fine of £50 for his dirt, he may learn better.

T. W. C. (Sandwich).—"You will notice at Eastry Tribunal poor me in the brewing trade gets a month; the Chairman's head gardener got until 1st November." We will.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"JOHN BULL" PENS.

NO EXTRA POSTAGE.

In view of the fact that postage on letters has been increased by ½d., and in order that Readers applying for a "JOHN BULL" Pen should not be put to this extra expense, we have reduced the charge for postage on pens from 2d. to 1½d.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold-tipped Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (June 15th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

THE PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a representative body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E.

No. 5.—SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Are these diseases serious?

Yes. Unless promptly treated and cured, they may cause many grave illnesses, including paralysis, blindness and heart disease. Syphilis is one of the chief of the "killing" diseases.

How long is it before the Symptoms develop?

In the case of Syphilis, usually ten days to six weeks. In the case of Gonorrhœa, three days to ten days.

When the symptoms disappear, is the cure certain to be effective?

No. The disease may lie hidden for months or even years. No one should interrupt treatment *until pronounced cured and free from infection by the doctor.*

How long does Gonorrhœa last?

It may be three weeks or three years—or even a lifetime if neglected. Much depends upon prompt treatment and the conscientious carrying out of the doctor's orders.

How long does Syphilis last?

Any time from two years upwards before the patient can be finally cured. It can be dealt with effectually if *treated early*, but if it is neglected and reaches the later stages the disease affects the entire body.

Is it any use going for treatment if a risk has been taken and no symptoms appear?

Yes. If early treatment is given by the doctor within a few hours, it is overwhelmingly probable that the disease can be altogether prevented.

May one drink alcohol with Venereal Disease?

No. It frequently causes great pain and trouble and may lead to dangerous developments.

Is treatment free?

Yes, absolutely. Authorities are even allowed to pay train fares to hospitals.

Is treatment secret?

Yes. The doctor is bound to absolute secrecy. No one, whether man or woman, should be afraid to go. They will not be "given away," and doctors are good fellows and sympathetic. False shame is ridiculous in these matters. Only a fool hides the trouble.

Further notes will appear shortly.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write to the Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 8t, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, for free literature or information.

25/-LADIES' 25/-

Trench Coats

Buy a GENUINE BARGAIN.

Direct from the Manufacturers.

A Smart Coat made up in Proofed Gabardine Cloth, in various shades, FULLY CHECK LINED, with Belts and Buckles. Tailor-made, High-class finish.

These coats are equal in every respect to those sold by retailers at almost double the price.

Gent's, Youths' & Maids' also stocked.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR PATTERNS AND BOOKLET.

This offer is only open while our present stocks last, and orders can only be taken in rotation. Approval willingly.

Thousands of Testimonials received expressing great satisfaction with these Coats.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
DEPT. B
53, Oxford Road, MANCHESTER.

SKIN TROUBLE?

Send for our Trial Bottle

FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Send to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free of the wonderful new skin discovery.

D.D.D. Prescription.

A liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of **ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM, INSECT BITES, AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES.** Cures speedily, permanently. Kills and throws off the disease germs deeply buried in the skin. Cure begins with the very first application of this wonderful wash. **Send to-day for the free trial bottle.** Will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered, and heals far more quickly than salves or ointments.

Send no money or stamps.

D. D. D. is obtainable at 2/9, of all chemists.

SEND FOR THE FREE SAMPLE TO-DAY.

D.D.D. LABORATORIES,
M.N.5. Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

"C'est pour la France"

Since January, 1915, the British Ambulance Committee have been entrusted with the transport of the wounded in five French Divisions—more than 400,000 wounded French soldiers—to hospitals outside the danger zone, in Ambulances supplied and staffed by this organization. Funds are urgently needed to carry on the work of the British Ambulance Committee, and for this purpose a Flower Fair is being held in Trafalgar Square.

Buy a Flower for France.

Buy a Flower of England
to help
The Wounded of France
at the
FLOWER FAIR
Trafalgar Square
June 20th—26th
British Ambulance Committee
23a, Bruton Street, London, W.

This space is gladly donated to the British Ambulance Committee to further their excellent work and as a sincere admiration of our comrades of France, by

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd.,
Cold Cream Works, Wapping, E.1

TRADE MARK FACE.

DO NOT BLAME

Your dealer if he cannot supply you with the "EVER-READY" SAFETY RAZOR. Stocks are low owing to the World-demand and the restriction of imports. We are over-burdened with orders which will be executed so soon as further supplies are available. Those on service have first claim on our factories. Millions of our gallant British and U.S.A. Troops are appreciating the comfort and convenience of the "EVER-READY" RAZOR—it is a shaving joy.

Ever-Ready "Radio" Blades

6 for 2/-
12 for 4/-
DO NOT PAY MORE

A Razor is only as good as its Blades, and the Ever-ready "RADIO" Blades make the best razor in the World. Each Blade is wrapped in a patented sealed package that is not only protection against rust and dust but is absolutely Sanitary.

Refuse substitutes and look for the Trade Mark Face on every Sealed Package.

To be obtained From all Dealers, otherwise from the Manufacturers:

"EVER-READY" SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD.,
130, Great Portland St., London, W.1.

Foster Clark's
The Creamiest Custard
Cream Custard

TAKE "EMVITA" with your Principal Meal.

It contains organic salts and vitamines (the Life-essences of Fresh Fruits, Vegetables, and Cereals), which will enable you to get the utmost food value from what you eat.

"EMVITA" may be sprinkled over your food, which should then be thoroughly masticated. Every "Food Unit" is utilised.

A full 21 days' Treatment costs 2/6 (post free 2/9).

Send for one TO-DAY from

EUSTACE MILES PROTEID FOODS Ltd.
42b, Chandos Street, W.C.2.

TOMMY'S CLEANLINESS AND SAFETY.

How to Keep our Soldiers Free from Body Vermin, Mosquitoes, and Flies.

The British Soldier is the cleanest soldier in the world, but stay-at-homes have no idea how difficult it is to keep free from body vermin and—in the hot climates—disease-infected mosquitoes and flies.

Every soldier should have a 1/- stick of PARASITOX in his kit. This wonderful compound rubbed on to the skin, or in the seams of the clothing, destroys and repels all form of insect life. It is non-greasy and non-odorous, and, unlike powders and liquids, PARASITOX remains effective for a long time.

Dug-outs and sleeping quarters are more than likely to be swarming with vermin, but PARASITOX will keep Tommy free from these, and ensure that comfort and rest which mean so much to the maintenance of health and good spirits.

Thousands of sticks of PARASITOX are sent regularly every week to British prisoners by the Central Prisoners of War Committee.

Send some PARASITOX to your soldier or sailor boy. He will appreciate the thoughtfulness of your gift.

ON SALE AT ALL CANTEENS, 1/-.

PARASITOX
THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND. PARA-SI-TOX

Obtainable at all Principal Chemists and Stores; or from Roppell's Pharmacies, 161, Piccadilly, and Branches.

GREATEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

Every cultured person needs the best Dictionary, Encyclopædia, and Atlas money can buy. An *incomplete* reference book is useless, failing to give just what you want to know. *Always* the "Century Dictionary, Cyclopædia, and Atlas" is quoted by the leading papers as *the* authority for the meaning of a word or subject. Viscount Bryce describes it "a masterpiece of condensation." Know the facts! Don't guess! This is the motive-power in business behind all movements for increased efficiency and scientific management. Knowledge of facts means money made and money saved. Only a few copies remain for JOHN BULL readers at the special low price; 10s. down and the balance by small monthly payments brings you the new revised and greatly enlarged edition of the "Century Dictionary, Cyclopædia, and Atlas," in twelve large handsome volumes, costing £300,000, with twenty million words, 600,000 entries, 10,000 coloured and black and white illustrations and over 100 beautifully coloured maps—thirty-three complete reference books in one—150,000 *more* entries than in any other Dictionary or Encyclopædia. At the price offered "the Century" is the cheapest book in the world. It cannot be reprinted.

Send 6 stamps for large prospectus, with over 160 illustrations and a coloured plate. Send now—don't wait till the last set has been sold.

Dept. 61, The Standard Art Book Co., Ltd.,
30-32, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Send your address on a postcard to H. Samuel and receive his

FREE BOOK
or
3,000 Bargains

in magnificent Jewellery, Watches and Plate. The Factory Price offer makes every purchase a splendid money-saving investment. Write now.

Post your postcard now!

Diamonds and Gems mounted in 18-ct. gold settings, from £2 to £80.

H. SAMUEL, LTD.
189, MARKET STREET, Manchester.

SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

Dutton's shorthand is the simplest high-speed system in the world. There are only 6 rules and 29 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute.

Send stamp to-day for first lesson to Dutton's Business College, Room 3, Swansea.

TRY FIRST LESSON

'Bullets'

2nd Prize £25	1st PRIZE →	£200	← 1st PRIZE	3rd Prize £10

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL "TARGET" PRIZES

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 20th
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(289) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 288, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 20th
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(289) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 20th
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(289) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition, **No. 290.** These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before **THURSDAY, JUNE 27th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number 290 in the top left hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 290, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. **Such coupons MUST NOT** contain any of the 33 Examples for Competition 289.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 290.

MIXED BATHING	MISUNDERSTOOD	AFTER NIGHT OUT	BRITISH STAMP
TOO LATE	GERMANY AND AUSTRIA	SEASIDE DONKEY	MOST TEMPTING WHEN
GOING STRONG	WHAT CUTHBERT FANCIES	FATHER'S WORK	WON'T SERVE
FINDING HIS MATCH	BOARDING-HOUSE FARE	ROUGH TREATMENT	SWEET NOTHINGS
MEAT AND DRINK	GERMANY WANTS	DEAR LETTERS	THE KAISER'S WORD

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, fitness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 289.

UNCLE SAM'S BOYS	IN PARIS	A LITTLE BEAR
TERRY'S HOME	PERSONITIS SELLING	BY THE SEA
GOOD-BYE	HOLDING OUT	OUR GALLANT AIRMEN
BRUTE FORCE	INDIA REMOVIT	BEE JELLY
GERMAN TOOLS	BADLY TREATED	LONDON SPIRITS
KNOWING SMILE	BOOK OF WAR	HARDSHIPS ENDED
MOST EXPENSIVE	MOTHER AND FATHER	BOMBARDMENT GAME
RIGHT TO LIVE	IF I WERE SINGLE	MOTHER'S POCKET
OVER THE TEACUPS	FEELING LONELY	BOOK OF WISDOM
TOO FUNNY FOR WORDS	WANTS UNDERSTANDING	MAKING THINGS HOT
ARMY BOOTS	TIME WILL TELL	MAKING A SPLASH

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—OVER THE TEACUPS. Bullet:—THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING. Example:—DANGEROUS GAME. Bullet:—NOT PLAYING THE GAME.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated July 6th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated June 15th.

Result of Competition No. 287 ("Bullets" £1,000 Record Offer) will be found in next week's issue.

You may still register for

Tea

at

Lipton's

the largest distributors of Tea in the World.

SUPPLIES GUARANTEED.

Lipton's are Tea Planters and own thousands of acres of some of the finest Tea Plantations in Ceylon. Millions of people drink Lipton's Tea daily in all parts of the World.

If you want the best tea, go to the firm that grows it.

You will be unable to obtain supplies of Tea unless you register at a Retailer's.

You are free to register where you like.

Register now at

LIPTON'S

The largest distributors of Tea in the World.
Head Office: CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1.
Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.
LIPTON, LTD.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT

To_____ Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed_____

Address_____

June 15th, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Detach this Coupon at the perforation and hand it to your Newsagent.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

_____ Newsagent, of

_____

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death,—

Name of Nominee_____

Address_____

Signature of Registered_____
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home_____

June 15th, 1918.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture** purchased on Ideal Terms is insured **against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

She didn't need much pressing

She jumped at the idea! Told me that she'd known the "Midland" since she was a kiddie: and it was *the* place for furniture. Absolutely *it!* Said we could have the loveliest home you ever saw if I'd only come straight away and help her to choose. And by Jove, she was right!

Money buys more at the "Midland"

They give you over £100,000 worth of really top-hole furniture to select from. We got exactly what we wanted—and it didn't cost us much, either. For the "Midland" prices mean a solid saving on everything you buy. And the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to furnish out of income—with Free Fire and Aircraft Insurance thrown in—and without a penny to pay for credit, or for interest, or for any extras whatsoever.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.
£10 ...	5 6
£20 ...	0 11 0
£30 ...	0 16 6
£40 ...	1 2 0
£50 ...	1 7 6
£100 ...	2 15 0
£200 ...	5 10 0
£500 ...	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Specimen of handsome Dining-room Suite on Jacobean lines.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL (who has been associated with the business for 40 years).

FAIR AND HONEST OFFER!

NO BENEFIT—NO PAY.

Full Month's Supply for Fair Trial. Send No Money.

An extraordinary offer is made by the Proprietors of a remarkable natural remedy. They will send a 4s. 6d. packet—sufficient for a month's trial—simply on your promise to pay for it if benefited. You send no money except the three penny stamps for postage.

It is an amazing offer, a complete reversal of trading custom. Instead of the purchaser paying for something he *hopes* will do him good, he pays nothing until and unless he feels actual benefit. No Benefit—No Pay.

HEALTH AND WEALTH.

Surely such an offer is better evidence of efficacy than all the testimonials ever published. "Here," say the Proprietors, "take this packet of Vitæ-Ore and try it. We believe it will do you good, we know it cannot do you any harm. If it does not prove beneficial in your case, we do not want your money. Nor are we going to trouble you with any 'money-back-if-not-satisfied' arrangement. We trust you entirely instead of asking you to trust us. If benefited, you pay—and will be glad to, for like everyone else you value health higher than money."

Now, why is this offer made? Why is not Vitæ-Ore sold exactly as ordinary medicines are sold—the customer paying outright without any question as to results. The reason is the unbounded confidence of the Proprietors in the wonderful restorative properties of Vitæ-Ore, and the fact that the business has grown rapidly under this system. They know that in nine cases out of ten, given fair trial, benefit must accrue. These results are not due to human genius

NATURE WORKS THE CURE.

Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine; the British Government recognises this by exempting it from Stamp Duty. It is the residue of a natural healing spring found in the desert by Professor Noé, the famous geologist, and tested and approved by medical men of the highest standing. The "Lancet" (which would never give the authority of its columns to anything without the best scientific basis) states, after analysis and actual tests that the

"CLINICAL RESULTS OBTAINED WERE SATISFACTORY."

Vitæ-Ore is sent to the applicant in powder form with full instructions. It is easy and convenient to take. It has been found remarkably effective in the most stubborn cases of :—

Nervous Weakness,	Rheumatism, and
Debility,	all "run-down"
Dyspepsia,	conditions
Neurasthenia,	resulting from
Neuritis,	Stomach, Liver and
Anæmia,	Kidney Weakness.

In countless cases of nervous debility, chronic headaches, and special weaknesses of women, Vitæ-Ore has acted marvellously. Not only is the pain banished, but the whole system is reinvigorated. It is no exaggeration to state that Vitæ-Ore has made new men and women of thousands of people. Especially is Vitæ-Ore recommended to anyone bloodless or anæmic. It rarely fails to effect, within the month, a marked improvement in general health.

RAISING THE NATION'S VITALITY.

The need for extra strength and vitality in these days of stress and over-strain is a national want. Increase your working efficiency by taking Vitæ-Ore. Acting as a general constitutional tonic, Vitæ-Ore reaches and benefits the whole system, enabling it to throw off the weaknesses which retard the healthy action of the body. Vitæ-Ore is an invaluable aid to business men, and to mechanics and workers generally who are carrying heavier burdens and working longer hours.

It would be easy to fill the whole of this journal with glowing testimonials from people who have taken Vitæ-Ore and benefited. But all the testimonials in the world will not convince you so readily as will a month's personal trial. You have read the offer; why not accept it? Fill in to-day the coupon below and post it. Don't delay. If health means anything at all to you, give this trial to Vitæ-Ore now. Remember, the Proprietors take the risk of it being efficacious in your case. They don't ask you to pay for it unless and until you have derived benefit. If, at the end of the month, after taking the supply sent, you feel no benefit whatever (and you are the judge, remember), then you simply write to the Proprietors and tell them so, and the matter is ended.

Fill in or Copy this Coupon for Free Trial of One Month's Supply.

This offer does not apply outside United Kingdom.

To THE THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 19) 29, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs,—I enclose 3d. for postage. Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days.

The ailments which trouble me are:—

.....

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case YOU ARE TO CHARGE ME NOTHING.

NAME .....

AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

We guarantee the goods advertised by every advertiser in this issue of JOHN BULL. If you buy goods from any of our advertisers and are not satisfied in every way, write us at once, stating the name of the advertiser and the goods purchased, and we will see that your money is refunded. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any transactions between our readers and advertisers, but we will make every effort to see that our readers are fairly treated, and we will not accept the advertisement of any firm which we have reason to believe is not to be trusted. If you have any complaint to make against any advertiser in this issue